

KRS-One Lyrics

"Phucked"

Yeah

Y'know when advice is in your face, you need to heed that

Word, you need to read that

Y'know, I put this lil' joint together real quick

You know what it's called?

It's called - NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

That's right, listen

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you saw on TV?

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you heard on CD?

You never wanted to work you wanted everything easy

You heard KRS and you said, "That's preachy!"

A wise young man says, "Father - teach me"

A foolish young man wants to live life freaky

Oh yes, Knowledge does Reign Supremely

When I said it eighty-nine you didn't believe me

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. that's right

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. life is over, finished, done

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. better heed that, read that

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

Listen - back in the days on the Boulevard of Linden

BROOKLYN! Kris was a, metaphysician

LOOKIN! For better ways to live without bein

TOOKEN! We started our own management and

BOOKIN! Makin moves with them live cats on

FULTON! I can't even 'member all the dough that we

TOOK IN! But you was lookin down on us

Cause platinum never astounded us, so

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, like that

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. ha, you shoulda heed that, you better

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. y'all was chasin the radio, remember that?

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. what they givin you back now?

Back when we was all singin "Monie in the Middle"

You wanted to wiggle, jiggle in a tight skirt and giggle

Even when outside was brittle, you still had on little

And KRS warned that you'll get played like a fiddle

Now you havin cravings for pickles cause you pregnant

and don't know where the dad went and you poppin them drugs like Skittles

When the baby is born it's little and sick

But it's no riddle, you was movin too quick, huh

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, look at this

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. you shoulda stayed home and read a book

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. literally, symbolically

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

When advice is in your life you need to take it
Cause frankly, everybody ain't gonna make it
Back in the days we, showed 'em the way
I put it there in the music but you weren't amazed
You would criticize, debate, and basically hate
But let it be known I wanted everyone to be great
But you would diss and not even try to do better
When we was at the U.N. you said "whatever"

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. we movin ahead, you still in the same spot

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. 'member all that back talk, all that?

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. takin over